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THE

Mystic Mount,

AND

THE VOICE.

Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion.

AKENSIDE.

BY ARTHUR GENIO, ESQ.

NEW-YORK:
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1823.

Advertisement.

I HAVE written somewhat heretofore with a sincere desire to please fastidious critics, and a busy public; but not finding it marvellously easy to discompose the rigid and inflexible gravity of their risible muscles any farther than a bitter, intolerable SNEER would have a tendency to effect it—I have written the following exclusively for my own gratification and pleasure—*ne plus ultra.*

New-York, August 25, 1823.

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THE

Mystic Mount.

A VISION.

'Twas Midnight—that unbroken hour of deep
Unearthly meditation, in which thought
Soars on wide-wandering wing, and laps the soul
In visionary spells of potent energy,
Enrobing dim ideas with magic charms,
And bodying wild conception's formless shades
In widely-varied beauty and fiend-like
Deformity; and aloft I stood alone
On the dark verge of a wild beetling cliff,
Hanging in sombre grandeur o'er the dells
Unlighted since the viewless hand of heaven
Piled those impending precipices o'er
The emerald vale below. How reels the sense
When upward gazing on the giddy heights!
How swims the eye in dizziness!—The rock
Flung its dark shadow on the bubbling foam
Of an immeasurable world of waters,
That lash'd the frowning battlement of nature
In unintermitting, and vain-wreak'd ire,
Till, pealing in terrific echoes, far
Rung the wild shock of warring waves in notes
Deep-toned, but sinking as o'er lawn, and lea,

Mountain, and wilderness, they sped away,
Waking the slumbering monarch of the wood
From his cloud-canopied lair in forest dense,
And on the sable shadows of the night
Turning his enkindling balls of vivid flame,
That seem to human eye like vice and crime
Pouring their lava flood upon a world,
That once was Eden—and upon a soul,
That once was innocent—not now, alas!
Phosphoric streams of liquid light had tipt
The billowy ocean's foamy crests, and drawn
Haloes of living fire around the dim
And dusky horizon—beyond the ken
Of all, save star-like vision looking down
On earth from heaven's blue-arch'd battlements sublime.
Amid the wild concussion of the waves
Swelling and warring, like the vassal mass
Led by Ambition—that fierce god of dupes
And despots shaking pestilence around
From his gore-clotted locks—an islet lay
In still and smiling loveliness, array'd
In the bright summer's garb of velvet green
Festoon'd by branching woodbines, that were gay
With the exuberance of being—crown'd
With emerald set in violet amethyst.
It lay so peacefully—and was so sweet
And lone asylum for a broken heart,
Methought it seemed like virtue, on the earth
A wanderer, doomed to bear her starry brow,
Stamp'd with the impress of unerring love,
Amid the battling rage of sin and folly;
Or Innocence seated on the sepulchre
Of hope departed—smiling yet—but like
The smiles upon the cold, damp, brow of Death.

In strange varieties of fantastic forms
Hung the last vestiges of sable clouds,
That curtain'd, when the unseen sun had sunk
Behind the skirting hills of Ripton, far
Swelling on the mariner's eagle eye, as o'er
The light blue wave, that laves Long-Island's shore,
His bark careering flies, the sombre sky
Sleeping so deadly on the mountain height.
Darkness yet lingered in their mazy folds
Of fleecy vapours, as foul sin infests
The last sad hour of low mortality,
E'en till the soul hath left her dungeon clay;
But the bright moon, that rose serenely o'er
The rain-dropp'd canopy of umbrag'd woods,
Sleeping in momentary beauty on
The mimic lake within the woodbine's bell,
Then blending with the sapphire floods on high,
And radiating the starry robe of night
With mellow lustre, stealing on the soul
Of wandering melancholy minstrel, call'd
By nature to nocturnal orisons—
The bright moon's beams lay on the topmost height
Of those erratic clouds, and as they fell
Commingling with the inky-tinctured spots,
That soiled the jewelled vestments of high heaven,
Like staining crime on godlike imaged man,
Lone musing melancholy sung—so hope,
Faith, breathing aspirations unto heaven,
Love—purest essence of ethereal thought—
Pleasure, bliss, rapture in this lowly world
Are all corrupted, mildewed, blighted, dead
Beneath the nightshade's withering gloom, that lies
In massive folds upon the catacomb
Of a creation once so purely bright.—

The holiest impulse of created mind
Is so commingled with the base and low
Texture of earth engendered feelings that,
Amid the wildering labyrinth of mind,
The semblance of a Cynosure may flash,
Flinging its fiery atoms round his path,
Portend the issue terrible, and burst—
The blasting, ruining meteor of death;
Luring the soul by fairy seeming, like
Destruction's harbinger—the false mirage—
To the dark haunts of tearless agony.

Above me waved a giant oak, whose boughs,
Loaded with hoary festoons, like the locks
Of fiery spirited veteran, undecayed,
Spread from the gnarled trunk, that stood aloft
Unbending to the wild autumnal blast,
Unshorn, unblenching, and unsheltered—proud
Towering in venerable majesty on high—
O how unlike the fabrics of vain man!
His gorgeous domes, and palaces o'er-canopied
With fretted gold, as bubbles on the rill,
As fairy frost-work in the sun, decay
With the proud arm that rear'd them—ruin'd fall
Prostrate—in homage to their slumbering tenant?
No! in mockery of fancied immortality;
And sapient eye of virtuoso may
Roam o'er the mouldering mansions of the dead,
And treasure up his relics—peasant's tools!
Philosophy may scan the pyramid
And obelisk—and think on times gone by—
Pomp, power, factions, revolutions, blood,
Massacre, and desolation—but the voice
Of research seeking long-forgotten names

Of warriors, sages, bards, and sybils, comes
Back o'er their buried memories indistinct,
Like hollow murmurings of discontent,
Seeming to say—nothing—but OBLIVION.
Here everlasting silence broods, nor opes
Her closed lip to tell the passer-by
That crested heroes o'er the crimson tide
Of wasted blood—Oh! demon-circled carnage!
Wafted by groans and cries of widowhood,
Sailed madly down the Lethean gulf—and left
The croaking bittern sounding their requiem!

The oak's long branches on the fanning gale
Tost their green platted foliage; and faint
The full-orb'd moon gleam'd through the density
Of leafy umbrage, like the trembling light
Of days dimly remembered, and only seen
Duskily, amid the twilight of the soul,
Through the entangled vista of the yew
And cypress, leading to the sepulchre
Of buried love, and slumbering passion—gone!

Through the unhallowed mazes of the wood,
That gloomed behind me, vision keen and bright
Could never pierce—a haunted solitude—
It lay in darkness palpable, yet formless—
And night-born furies yelling o'er it flapt
Their raven wings the while their snaky hair,
Coiling and curling to the breath of night,
Streamed like an infernal standard, all unfurl'd
And planted by the ebon throne of hell.
And from the midst came hollow mutterings,
Like earthquake voices deep, foreboding doom,
And agonizing Horror, writh'd and tortur'd, strained

His bursting, blood-shot eye-balls through the gloom
Cimmerian to gaze;—but strained in vain,
For earthly fiends incarnate, mangling, rent
His heart with venom fangs, and harrowed up
His soul with flickering beams of distant light,
That glittered to delude the vision;—then
In wild distortions of grimace, and leers
Of hate luxuriated on him turned
In pity's life subduing mockeries.

The lovely, deep blue vault of circling heaven
In beauty placid o'er me hung, like the eye
Of deep impassioned lover o'er the form
Of innocent loveliness—his soul's delight
And mirror—the ideal shade, that haunts
His airy and aërial dreams, when soft
And dew-robed sleep with downy trembling step,
Leaving her foot-prints only on the train
Of her majestic sweeping goddess—Night,
Flings her embalming vestments o'er his lids,
That close like dying infant's laid upon
The cradling bosom of its mother.—Tranced,
And wrapt in lofty meditation, o'er
The undisturbed and smiling sky I gazed
Seeking some quiet, peaceful isle amid
That boundless ocean of pure emerald,
And musing that among the myrtle groves,
And bedded flowers, and by the blushing banks
Of Life's eternal stream of deathless love,
I might view her in whom my earth-bound soul
Delighted—her I did idolatrize;
Wishing most fondly, most devotedly,
That I was but a winged spirit, borne
On star-gemm'd pinions through those azure fields

So fitting sphere-born souls—all bodiless—
All passionless, unpolluted, and exempt
From the dark scepticism, and blots of earth—
That I might drink the music floating pure
Down from the seraph-cinctured throne of God
To yon bright spheres, forever lighted by
The beams of thought electric, and might live
Uncloyed by deathless rapture—all unstained
By contact with the living clay below,
Untouched by thing of mortal mould—unknown
Save to the OMNISCIENT, his angelic train,
And sainted spirits purified. Oh! and there,
Perchance, amid the Eden bowers of light,
O'er-canopied with amaranthine flowers
Living and blossoming in angel-smiles,
And dewed with tears of pearl, that trembling steal
Unbidden, and involuntary o'er
The alabaster cheek of cherubim, as they
Dash screaming felons down the black abyss
Of hopeless, starless, bottomless perdition;—
Perchance that there, where sin comes not in pride
Ushering her scorpion-vestured daughter—Woe—
And she leading Despair—in joy again
My long-departed parent's form might burst
On Rapture's eye—Oh! he in bliss was wont
To kiss my cloudless brow in infancy,
Press my young lips to his, and fondly tell
Of future days, when my fair brow would glow
With vivifying thought, and those young lips
Impart the words of truth, and eloquence,
Stirring the dormant souls of human-kind
To deeds of mercy, gentleness, and truth.
His soul was like the Halcyon, when she sits
Smiling upon the mimic throne of glass

Amid the boundlessness of her fair world
Sleeping in stilly quietude around her;
Her peacock pinions spread upon the wave,
That swells so gently, that she feels her soft
And rainbow plumage ruffled not—her eye
Watching the sportive inmates of the deep
As they in joyous evolutions skim
Along the crystal plain of waters—full
Of innocent, and exuberant glee;
While, past all melody of land and grove,
Her song swells o'er the wave in tones so sweet,
So musical, and heaven-taught, that the wide plain
Seems spread with fretted canopies of gold,
For sun-beams flash from amber scales, and Silence
Lifts up her head in wonder to imbibe
Those heart-embalming sounds; even the fierce
Leviathan seems to slumber on the wave;—
This may not be—the dolphin whirls away—the sky
Is curtained with dark clouds—the sun retires—
Flashes the lightning—heaves the ocean—far
Beyond the ken of mortal flies the Bird.
So grief hath darkened o'er my soul . . . yet he
Did never—holy thought! behold the lines
Of furrowing woe, that mark the glowing brow
Once hallowed by his kisses . . . never saw
The writhing of my tortured soul—nor heard
The demon voice of imprecation pour
Its fearful curses on my head;—Oh bliss!
And I could meet his soul-lit glance again,
Nor ruin heaven by telling him a tale,
At which Arch-Lucifer would shrink and shudder.

And there's another; she, who smiled so sweet
That heaven seemed dwelling in her soft blue eye,

And tuning every fibre of her heart
To the unheard, but not unfelt, and pure
Music of the sinless soul; she, who rose
On high, by glittering seraph pinions borne,
From the remorseless bosom of her own
Unspotted purity. Hail, thou charm! thou dear
Returning vision of departed years!
Thou peerless image of celestial joys!
How calm and beautiful in death thou wert!
In life enchanting—in heaven—what? Delight
Dwells in the deepest core of my fond heart,
Exults in every feverish pulse—bedims
The vision—wraps each sense in lethargy
And mocks all utterance.—Fond Friendship, such
As lives in bosoms unallied to earth,
Intensely gazes on yon pictured fields,
Too lovely and too pure to canopy
That strange commixture of base clay, and half
The attributes of Deity—that bright
Mirror, reflecting equally the forms
Of seraphim and fiends—that vassal dupe
Of glittering shapes, and high criterion
Of energy and dignity—the slave
Of passion, and the conqueror of the world—
Man! most complex mystery of created kind—
Devoted Friendship gazes to behold,
And revel in its view of Cranston—fled
From the idolatry of an earthly church
To worship heaven's bright Hierarch—and lead
His soaring saints to glory. Oh! he was
The shielding Ægis of my youth; he sunk
E'en in his lovely prime into the tomb,
Departing in his native light of love,
And leaving darkness on my lonely mind.

But could I soar to yon fair fields, his eye
Would mark his unforgotten youthful friend, and fix
On me again the glances of his soul.

Wrapt in this reverie of visioned bliss,
This rare communion with ethereal shades
Stealing unconsciously upon the mind,
That loves no earthly musings, such as cheer
The maudlin brains of plodding brutes, who delve
For fancied heaps of tinsel dust unseen
By avarice upon the ground he treads—
I saw, methought, a vestment purely white
Floating athwart the starry galaxy,
Like spirits ministrant in holy days,
When Heaven seemed clasping Earth unto her breast,
Flinging their stainless robes before the eyes,
That saw the cherub-thron'd Shechinah blaze
Above the seat of Mercy, on whose ear
Came the sad voice of Penitence so soft
And melting, that she raised her touching glance
Upon dark-brow'd inexorable Justice,
Whose mandate terrible had shrunk the soul
To endless death but for the trembling hand,
That showered absolution—Oh! long-lost days!
'Twas passing spirit-like—and then 'twas gone—
Like shadowy visions of delight—or like
The beautifullest hues of dancing Eve
Upon the sun-bright wave—as fair, more fleeting—
It passed no more—and then I thought that so
Fancy doth deck ephemeras, and all
The wild chimeras of gay fluttering Hope,
To cheer the dull, dead scenes of human life,
Being's asperities, and satiety;
And they do cheer—and so doth that bright Lake,

Shining, like Ormus' pearly waters, on
The toil-worn wanderer's rapture-kindling eye,
As it hangs its crystal beauties on the far
And fleeting horizon--O mockery!

While Melancholy mused there came above me,
Arching the lonely, solitary cliff,
A rainbow, dyed in heaven's own fountains, girt
With bright diamond wings, and crown'd aloft
With my own lovely Marietta--she,
Whose every thought, and wish, and hope sublime
From Paradise did flow--and SHE did love me!
Absorbing transport thrill'd my frame--and then
O'er-wrought rapture sunk to lethargy; I felt
The incommunicable bliss of being—
Into those minutes came the joys, that will,
That must exist through ages numberless
In that celestial Land of Souls, where all,
Oh Bliss! is thought, and mind! Full well I knew
The being of untainted purity,
And she did smile upon me as in days,
When she was wont to turn her azure eye,
In which delighted Love and Beauty shone,
On the dear object of her inmost soul.
And now she came in airy lightness—sweet,
And purer than the dew-drop in the violet;
Ay--like that eastern flower, that cannot bloom
Upon this lowly sphere:--a coronet
Of jewels flung its countless-varied rays
O'er all her tresses murmuring in the breeze,
And sending forth the only sound, that came
From ought around her--she was voiceless—Oh!
Music would have lapt my very soul, if once
My fond ear could have drank her foot-step's sound.

Her eye was bright, but it had lost the power
Of the unbosoming glance, that lovers know--
That *filial* lovers know--and yet a smile
Imbued its dwelling vision, and impress'd
The love-fraught bosom with a strange, a deep,
And undefinable delight--'t was more
Than can be felt by tenderest hearts, when lips
Meeting in speechless transport drink the soul,
And bear away the existence of each other;
'Twas more than earth can give, or take--and none
Of those aërial essences impart
The secrets of Eternity.--There was
A soul-absorbing, dove-like tenderness
Around her:—and she did look upon my form
With such a breathing melancholy eye,
As the Sultana, that bright-plumaged Bird
Perch'd on the monuments of departed greatness,
Throws o'er the ruins desolate around her.
Along the spheres, and redolent of heaven,
Came angel breathings—music exquisite--
Felt, but inexpressible, loud, but such
As sounds within the palace of the soul
When it is tuned to faint responses; she
At that soul-stirring sound her pinions waved,
As if for flight to yon empyreal heights--
But still delayed—I knew not why—yet thought
There was a strange concussion in my breast—
A breathless, unknown, feeling—such as ne'er
Came over me before—a wilderment
Of ideas tangled; Earth did seem to me
Not as it wont—there was a veil o'er things,
That shadowed them before my swimming eye,
And nature lay around me in a cloud
Of dim and waning lustre, like the last

Faint beauties of expiring Day upon
The sapphire clouds of even;—all was chang'd,
Or changing I knew not how—and I lay
Unconscious of all things that charmed me once,
Save that bright spirit's holy smile—for now
She bent o'er me, seeming robed in a garb
Spangled with glories—and she seem'd to take
My hand in hers and say—mortal may not
Descant upon a fair immortal's words,
Nor tell them;—Eden's language never came
Glowing from fallen, sinful, erring man.
But one among them was the spell-word, known
To forms and beings bodiless on high
Alone; it pass'd her colourless lips, and flew
Along the smiling concave—and it seem'd
She rose, and I was striving to arouse
From that lethargic torpor, which had steeped
External sense in Lethe, and infused
A deadly chill into my curdling blood,
When, like the Volcan's voice along the red
Torrent of lava bursting down his height,
Came hollow mutterings, and the yelling shades
Of Evil whirled from that unlit Profound
Beyond the cliff in massive phalanxes,
Wielding above infernal weapons, and aloft,
Below, around encircling me with snakes
Of venom'd fangs, and forked tongues, that fill'd
The welkin with their hissings, and fierce fires,
Like wild Sahara's, all around me roll'd
In volum'd masses broad, enkindling all
The scenery, and withering every shrub,
And living thing, save enfranchised spirits pure,
Unto a hue of haggard ghastliness;
Then came terrific shouts of laughter, like

The gladness of the Demon of the Waste,
O'er the triumphal minstrelsy of hell
Played by those lost, abandoned Ariels, who wont
By their rich tones to lead on seraphim
Through heaven's gem-barr'd portals, and now were cursed
With notes, that once were pure and holy, fraught
With trebly damning recollections dire.
Now wheeling on their wings of darkness, fired
With torch-like and sulphureous blaze, they came,
Like that high pillar'd banner raised above
The watery battlement of eastern climes,
Coloured on one side with the dies of heaven,
While blackness rob'd the other ;—but—I looked,
And saw the sky in peaceful loveliness
Encircling me like angel-smiles around
The beauteous new-born babe ; I looked again ;
And saw a shadow of celestial air
Treading the fields of amber—and I felt
A gentle rising—nectared breezes fann'd
My fevered cheek, unearthly beauties glowed
O'er all the embosoming heaven on high—
A smile ethereal tinged with rosy hues
My lovely spirit's brow, and cheek, and eye,
And turning on me, as a golden blaze
Of light falls on a summer cloud, she said—
Oh! that enchanting voice so musical!
"My Brother, look!" I raised my downcast eye
And gazed, till all my soul became a fount
Of light—and perfume, bliss and gilead—
Delighted Hope her starry pinions furl'd,
And gently sunk upon Fruition's breast.

THE VOICE.

THERE was a Voice—'tis silent now, and ne'er
Will blend its music with my soul again,
For on the living loneliness of mind
It comes not—ah! its lengthening echo comes,
When love-lorn fantasies of viewless things
Hold runic empire in my whirling brain,
And deep communion with the gliding shades
Of long-lost, dim-remembered hours imbues
The soul with pageantry aërial,
And wraps external sense in witchery—
Like the low wailings of a wild-voiced dirge
By airy phantoms chanted in the hour
Of dark-brow'd Midnight, when aloft she lifts
Her hooded head, and shakes her sable locks,
Wild waving o'er the shaggy mountain top,
Upon the dim-starr'd firmament—to hear
The intonated requiem—and smile
In soul-subduing, bitter Mockery.
That echo—not responsive to the strain
Of spirit-stirring joy—but the deep wail
Of hope departed, not deferr'd—the sad,
Heart-breaking chorus of a last farewell,

That plain'd along the craggy, toppling heights
O'erhanging Housatonic's rivulet,
When Dian—love's true oracle—on high
Shone dimly; darkness on that hour of woe,
Like death's funereal pall of blackness, hangs,
While Memory recoils—yet loves to trace
The mildew'd beauties of a blighted flower,
And catch from hues faded long since a ray
Of unforgotten, but decayed delight;—
Thus man—the deepest mystery of earth—
Wantons in retrospective parted bliss
To swell the tide of present agony.

But to the Voice.—It was the Voice of Love—
But is not now—nor ever more can be.
Ellen—that name sounds like the mermaid's song
"Most musical, most melancholy!"—and wakes
Emotions unintelligible and dread—
Our meeting, Ellen, in that hamlet lone,
Was like the mingling of symphonious sounds
O'er distant moonlight-waters rising sweet,
Embalming every soul, that drinks the music;—
Like the rich evening sunbeam on the arch
Of countless hues, that spans the skies, and flings
Its native charms—how beautiful! around,
Drawn forth, and heightened by the solar rays;
'Twas like the fond concurrence of two spirits
In their own Eden musing on the joys,
That dwell within, when every holy thought,
Tuning the music of their souls, comes not
Into the mind of either, until form'd,
And moulded to the purest taste of each.
'Twas pure and lovely—Oh! the scene appears,
Like an Oasis in the bloomless waste,

A glowing star upon the darkling brow
Of dewy-vestured Night—an Eden laid
On the fiend-haunted banks of Phlegethon!

Dost thou remember—no thou wilt not now—
For 'twas a pageant only—thou wilt say—
The fluttering maiden's evanescent hour
Of sportive triumph o'er a bleeding heart,
The licensed mockery of beauty—well
It might have been the Fancy's waking dream,
(And in that wild, sequestered, lonely wood
The poet well might shadow forth a form
Of lovely air, and wake the voice of Love
From the imaginings of his own brain,
And paint a fondly dwelling, speaking eye
From the intensity of wildering thought)
It might have been a shade—or nothing—yet
Such as it WAS—the memory scans each line,
Each feature, blush, and smile of that sweet face—
Dull is the minstrel if he cannot sketch
A scene, that thrall'd each raptur'd sense, and woke
Passions undying, thrilling, and intense.
Crescented Cynthia, methought, along
The deep-blue sapphire element of pure
And liquid ether held her cloudless course,
And flung her soft liquescent beams o'er mead,
Lawn, grove, and glassy stream, and wood-crown'd hill;
And I pass'd o'er the high-arch'd bridge—that might
A designation from its scenes receive,
And then be call'd—"The Bridge of Sighs"—for there
Full many a sigh arose, and many a tear
Of bitter grief descended; so I trod
With pensive, lingering, melancholy step,
Gazing at intervals upon the moon—

The nightly-wandering poet's Deity—
And musing that her chastened light was cold
As human hearts and human friendships—all
Moving by one grand chord—base interest—
I strove to lift my hand that I might vow
Never to mingle with the venal herd
Of sordid sensualists—ne'er to wear
A smile upon my brow while rancour fired
My heart—but then I felt a pressure soft
Upon my bent right arm, and turn'd my eye
On—the sweet smiling face of Ellen ;—she,
In love's fond glances past all eloquence,
Threw on me such a look ineffable,
So full of holiest, and intensest love,
Mingled with sadness inexpressible,
And every throb of her convulsed heart
Confirm'd the language of her eyes so true,
That manhood's feelings, uncontroul'd when night
Had laid her leaden fingers on the lids
Of vampire curiosity, burst forth
In a wild chaos of untextured words,
That had no meaning to the soulless hind ;
Then came the voice—I heard it now—as o'er
The wave of gulfing Time it comes, no more
Soft and mellifluent as wont, but harsh
As felon's death-knell o'er his dungeon-vault ;
But then it fell upon me as the dew
Falls on the sun-scorch'd violet, and stole
Into my very being, telling Love
That truth ejected from the world beside
Will find a hermitage in woman's breast,
That Ida's summit can attest the bliss,
And wild Leucadia the agony
Of fix'd, immovable, unearthly souls.

In fond communion, thus, of hearts we pass'd
Through the dim vista of the maple grove,
And 'neath the canopy of rustling leaves,
(Where zephyr still wooed echo to respond
His music indistinct with her soft voice,
Though she long since had sought the pole, and cheer'd
The icy soul of Boreas with song,)
Upon a mossy stone we seated us,
While, chiming on its pebbly bed, the stream,
A mirror in the midst of frowning woods,
Like youth and virtue in a world of vice,
Purled gently, imperceptibly along,
As sainted spirits o'er empyreal bowers;
Peaceful and stainless, happy and serene.
Around my neck she threw her lily arm,
And, in a speechless ecstacy of Love,
Reclined her head upon a throbbing breast
Doom'd ne'er to be her pillow; every kiss,
The very essence of enchanted souls,
Given and answered, while her snowy cheek
Was all carnation'd with deep blushes, came
From the recesses of an heavenly heart,
And with it carried heaven!

Intense and high
Swell pain and pleasure in the loftier mind;
The stoic hardihood of iron nerves
May pass in dull monotony, unknown
To mortal woe,—to joys alike unknown.
I pity and commiserate the man,
With whom life's sorrows are poetic tales,
And Love—the glowing Cynosure of heaven,
The brightest gem in Deity's bright crown—
A mocking by-word—rustic jest—or taunt

Of base fatuity—such lowly thoughts
Are fitting earth—and demons.

The silver moon
Now glimmered faintly through the rolling rack,
That circled her, and forked fiery bolts
Flew rapidly along the welkin dark,
And distant thunder burst, the wild wind then,
Threw, as the fierce furies their scorpion hair
O'er the Avernian gulf, the sable clouds
O'er the fair face of heaven; the dusky grove
In omened voices spake, and echoes loud
Answered the whirlwind's herald: a faint shriek,
That seemed to say—FAREWELL—I heard—and gazed
Around on lone vacuity—my thoughts
Wild as the tempest raged—Oh! she had gone!
Death to my hopes, and joys, and love, and fame
Came on that blast of Desolation!—Now
Be it the Fancy's vision—ONE can tell—
Or be it grief delineating truth,
That Voice upon the ear of Memory
Rings like the boding death-watch of Despair.

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